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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

THE FOREFATHERS.

We quarrel of land and line;
We bicker of work and wage;
We trouble our souls with a doleful sign,
Forgetting our heritage—
Forgetting the tireless hands;
Forgetting the restless feet
That fared undaunted through unknown lands
Till the path was made complete.

The fathers—the men who dreamed,
And, dreaming, were strong to dare,
To struggle ahead to the goal that gleamed,
A prize that was rich and fair.
The fathers—the men who thought
Of all that the future held,
And, hearts uplifted, essayed and wrought
All the work their dreams compelled.

We pluck from the vines they set;
We walk in the ways they made;
We harvest their fields; and their forests yet
Are giving us rest and shade.
The fathers—the men of old
Who builded a place for us,
A country magnificent; brave and bold
In their faith all glorious.

We quarrel and dread and doubt,
Forgetting we only hold
The comfort within and the peace without
By grace of the men of old;
Forgetting the toil and stress,
Forgetting the bygone age
When cities were planned in their comeliness
For a future heritage.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 179
The Parting of the Ways.—FRANCIS NEILSON.. 181
THE PULPIT—
Our Heritage.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES..... 184
CONTRIBUTED—
Major Prophets of the New Christianity. IV and V. Maurice and Kingsley, Christian Socialists.—ROLAND D. SAWYER..... 187
Britain's "Carpet-Bag" Government in India.—J. T. SUNDERLAND 187
News from Europe.—H. S. N..... 190
CORRESPONDENCE—
Rights and Liberties.—WILLIAM M. SALTER.... 187
SELECTED—
National Propaganda.—*John Galsworthy*..... 184
Experiences in Russia. II. Why I Went to Russia.—*W. J. Goode*..... 188
POETRY—
The Forefathers.—*Wilbur D. Nesbit*..... 177
Poetry.—*Florence Earle Coates*..... 188
Thanksgiving.—*Arthur Ketchum* 189
Companioned.—VLYN JOHNSON..... 190
Portrait.—*Dorothea Gay* 191
THE FIELD—
Dr. John Herman Randall Called to Community Church, New York 191
Internationalism.—A CONTRIBUTOR 191
Books Received 191

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIV THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1919 NUMBER 12

For the gift of Life in this wonderful world; for the miracle and high cost of its making; for health, and the joy of the body; for mind, for conscience, for soul, ever seeking to see and to know:

For the vast and beautiful Order in Nature; for law binding the stars and the courses in history, shaping the atom, perfecting the soul; One Law, One Mind, One Will, One Life:

For Righteousness at the heart of the world; for evil turned into good, and sorrow to joy; for darkness giving way to sunshine; for right victorious over injustice,—no good thing, a failure,—no evil, success; for faith in man, in progress, in Goodness Eternal; for all the Gladness of life in this wonderful world, and the heart's assurance of Life Everlasting in thee;

We bless thee, O God of our joy; we praise thy glorious name. Thy righteousness is like the high mountains; thy mercy endureth forever.

—Unity Hymns and Chorals.

When war legislation was hastily enacted after the opening of the conflict against Germany, it was easily stated and believed that this legislation was extraordinary—that is was established only for the period of hostilities—that it would be immediately suspended or repealed as soon as the emergency was passed. Today the fighting is more than a year behind us, and not a war measure, so far as we know, has been withdrawn. On the contrary, the question of perpetuating these measures, so that they may be operative in time of peace as well as in time of war, is now being seriously considered. It is proposed in Congress, for example, that the Lever Act shall be extended, for no imaginable reason, so far as we can make out, except to enable the government to wield autocratic authority over such "conspirators" as the striking miners. Senator France's bill, providing for the repeal of the Espionage Law, has been adversely reported to the Senate, and proposal made that it be rewritten and thus established as a peace-time weapon against the "reds." Conscription, of course, has lapsed with the inevitable process of demobilization; but in its place is immediately offered the delightful substitute of universal military training. Thus does militarism fatten on what it feeds! Thus does tyranny extend to permanent seizure the foothold temporarily granted in emergency! And all exactly as prophesied by the derided group who opposed these measures in the beginning as betrayals of American liberties!

Now and again an honest man, profoundly stirred by iniquity, blurts out the truth, and for a happy moment the air is clearer of sham and deceit. This is what Mr. Bullitt did in this country, same weeks ago, when he testified before the Senate Committee. This is what Commander Kenworthy did in England on November 4th, when he denounced in the House of Commons the policy of Russian intervention. "The war against the Russian Soviet government," said the Commander, "is the greatest crime in the history of the world. I hope to see the day when the House of Commons is truly representative of the people, and when the Commons will impeach the members of the government responsible for this crime." That Commander Kenworthy may live to see his hope fulfilled is not at all improbable. For failure is a more terrible indictment of a policy than wickedness, and it is failure which is now sweeping down upon the men responsible for the war against the Bolsheviki. General Yudenitch, after having the triumph of his campaign against Petrograd officially announced several times, is in full retreat. Kolchak has started the retirement from Omsk which will soon bring him to the Pacific Coast. And that curious "Embassy," still representing the Czar's government in Washington, solemnly announces that Lenin and Trotzky are much stronger than had been imagined, and that there is now no hope of overthrowing them until the winter of 1920-1921! Meanwhile, as the second anniversary of the Soviet Government is celebrated, the mounting tide of popular indignation against intervention rises higher and yet higher in this country. Huge protest meetings in Fanieul Hall, Boston, and in Madison Square Garden, New York, have given voice to this indignation in no uncertain tone. The people are wroth against a blockade war upon women and babies. Having little sympathy with Bolshevism, perhaps, they have even less with the reactionary forces seeking its destruction. At bottom, they believe in the Russian people, and want them left free to work out their own destinies in their own way. Let Commander Kenworthy bide his time—his hoped-for day will come!

The predicament of Mr. Gompers and his American Federation of Labor is one tempted to stir cynicism rather than pity. During the War, when the enemies of freedom and democracy were harrying the labor radicals in all the Allied countries—when Louquet and his French compatriots were being outlawed from public sympathy, Arthur Henderson and Ramsay Macdonald in England being refused passports for the Stockholm Conference, the Socialists and I. W. W.'s in America being jailed and murdered—Mr. Gom-

pers joined eager hands with the persecutors and did his utmost to serve the interests of the powers that be. There was no task too mean for him to perform —no word too bitter against his brethren for him to speak. And how he was praised for his noble service—how rapturously hailed as patriot and good citizen! Kings received him at special receptions; the President spoke upon his platform at Buffalo; and when a certain issue of the New York *Nation* dared to speak disrespectfully of his sacrosanct person, it was promptly excluded from the mails. At the very moment when Mr. Gompers was at the top-most pinnacle of his popularity, it was freely prophesied that, when "big business" got through with the I. W. W.'s and similar radical groups, it would proceed to take up arms against the A. F. of L. And now the fulfillment of prophecy is at hand! The War is over—Mr. Gompers is no longer needed to keep labor in line—and behold, according to his own confession, a sweeping campaign is on to wreck his organization and destroy forever the forces of labor! In other words, Mr. Gompers now finds himself in precisely the same position as the Socialists and I. W. W.'s, for whom he refused during the War to lift so much as a little finger. He is a "Red"—an enemy of society—a traitor to the nation—a man, therefore, to be destroyed without mercy. It is a diverting spectacle. We venture to say that Mr. Gompers has been doing more and better thinking these last few weeks than ever before in all his life. And it is our hope that this thinking may be fruitful. For in such a crisis, we bear no grudge against Mr. Gompers. He is again outside the breastworks where he belongs, and our fight is one. Welcome to the ranks, only—don't do it again! Once is quite enough!

"We are not satisfied with our church life in England. We have lost the old heroic strain. Our Christianity . . . is flaccid and weary." Thus speaks the Rev. M. E. Aubrey, honorary secretary of the Mayflower Committee, in an appeal for the use of the Pilgrim tercentenary next year as an occasion for reawakening our Protestant churches. In speaking of the lack of "the old heroic strain," Dr. Aubrey is emphasizing what is perhaps central in the present lamentable plight of organized Christianity. Religion, in its best estate, is always heroic. It is not afraid to dare great things for the sake of ideal causes. Its whole spirit is that of adventure, courage, sacrifice. And it is this spirt, mind you, which stirs the common people and wins them in multitudes to allegiance. The days of surging religious life among the people, have been the days when some great prophet was leading a crusade for righteousness amid conditions of uncertainty and peril, when the church was challenging the existing order on behalf of justice and liberty for men, when religion meant revolt against intrenched iniquity and "wickedness in high places." The people have never been afraid of martyrdom; they have believed most in religion, and served it most bravely, when, in the person of some heroic leader of the Jesus, Luther, Wesley type, it has promised, at whatever cost of agony and shame, emancipation for mankind. Only when religion has been timid, acquiescent, eager not for progress but for conformity, have the people turned away. And this brings us directly to the situation which exists today. There are many reasons why the church has forfeited the respect and support of men, but none is more cogent than its cowardice in the face of moral issues, its entire willingness to accept things as they are in opposition to things as they ought to be. The church today is timid. It no longer dares to speak until the newspapers have taught it what to say. It seeks not to instruct but to obey popular opinion, to excuse rather than to rebuke the frailities of government. It shows little or nothing of that "heroic strain" which marshalled the primitive Christians against Rome, hurled the original Protestants against the Papacy, and took the Pilgrims across wintry seas to unknown shores. Therefore does the church, with its blood emptied of iron, appear "flaccid and weary"; and find itself deserted in disgust by the multitudes.

We have often wondered why ministers do not stand together more effectively in their relations with churches and with the general public. Why, for example, should ministers accept a call from, or even supply the pulpit of, a church which has violated every standard of freedom by ousting a pastor for daring to speak his own opinion on controversial moral issues of the day? Why should not all ministers with one accord boycott such a church, until at least the people have made atonement for their sin against a brother? We have heard of one instance where a Unitarian clergyman, now a distinguished teacher, refused to enter the pulpit of an eastern Unitarian Church which had just forced the resignation of its minister on a free speech issue; but no other has ever come to our knowledge. Clergymen seem not to resent betrayal of a comrade. A church may persecute a pastor, humiliate him, slander him, openly violate its contract with him—and still are there plenty of men eager to heed the call of this church, and do its bidding for money received. At the best, this is mighty poor team-play. At the worst, it is a compounding of offense which is little short of criminal. We talk about professional ethics—but there seem to be no ethics which instruct a clergyman to stand by his brother in misfortune. And yet it was Jesus who said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me!"

Dr. John Herman Randall, minister of the Mt. Morris Baptist Church in New York, has written a startling story in his novel just published entitled "With Soul on Fire." It tells the tale of a young American, born in wealth, highly educated and cultured, who returns from army service in France "with soul on fire" to serve democracy, and establish everywhere that new brotherhood of freedom for which he believes the war was fought. The narrative records the heart-breaking experiences of this youthful idealist, as he gives himself to his cause, only to find that America is unchanged, and her people unready to listen to any new and broader gospel of social life. After meeting complete defeat in a labor struggle, in which he espouses the cause of the strikers in his father's factory, the hero is led to Russia by the love of a Russian Jewess, and there in Moscow, under the Bolshevists, finds the beginning of that hope and effort for a better world, which he had looked for in vain in his native land. He therefore stays in Russia that he may serve humanity at the place where he feels his service will count for the most. It is needless to point out that this novel constitutes a startling commentary on the changes which are today taking place in the whirl-i-gig of human affairs. Think of our living in a time when books are written which present not America but Russia as the hope of the world! We hope to have this volume properly reviewed in our columns in the near future. Meanwhile, we commend it to the earnest attention of our readers.

The Parting of the Ways

Is there no escape from this vicious circle in which the representatives of capital and labor move, in opposite directions? At the abortive conference which took place some weeks ago no suggestion was put forward that could by any stretch of the imagination lead to a solution of our difficulties. The conference was indeed a lamentable exhibition of the paucity of ideas possessed by our leaders of economic and industrial thought. Since that great opportunity was missed the situation has become strained almost to breaking point, and the atmosphere created by the dispute is now charged with distrust and resentment. There seems to be a spirit of animosity imported into the conditions since the break-up of the Washington conference that has dangerous tendencies. And since the American Federation of Labor resolved to support the miners's claims, and their method of action, we are brought face to face with a situation that is very serious. That the strike is off for the moment is merely an incident. The question, therefore, which is of greatest concern to the people of this country is not one of the merits of the case of labor, or capital, or indeed whether we shall have enough fuel to supply the domestic and industrial demand of the people this winter, but whether the endurance of labor and the resources of government are to be tested in a long drawn out bitter conflict. At a stroke government has most unwisely abused its true function and turned the issue; by resorting to the legal process of injunction it has set a precedent which in the gravest possible manner threatens the foundations of our democracy. Whether the men go back to work or not the new issue raised by the government's action demands the earnest attention of every citizen of this country. Again we find ourselves the victims of panic legislation, ill-considered war measures which were enacted for the protection of the state are now being used for the protection of the interests of a section of the community. The question of the right of labor to organize and to strike cannot be denied by the constitution of a free state, and, though we are precious near it, our Tories, in and out of Washington, have not yet presumed to run the gamut of state socialism. Some of the old constitution remains, some of the principles of democracy are not yet destroyed. What remains may be saved; if the people can be made to rise to the occasion which will present itself next year. Then by constitutional methods the people may soon restore the fabric of our shattered institutions.

Now I have no more sympathy for labor's method of organization and strike tactics, as a means of bringing economic salvation, than I have for the economic and political organization of the interests of the monopolist, but I do realize we are now entering upon a crisis in our affairs which is fraught with disaster. The trouble is, no one seems at all willing to look the economic facts squarely in the face. It has been well said by one of Britain's greatest employers of labor that it is a heart-breaking job to get capitalists to look economic facts in the face. And that is true of us here; indeed, the most one can expect from the American capitalist is a constant recognition of the welfare of those connected with his own particular industry; hence, profit-sharing and bonus schemes for ameliorating the conditions of his workers. But such palliatives leave the economic system where it is, and can have only a temporary effect in mollifying the distresses of labor in some branches of industry. It never occurs to us to consider the whole question from the standpoint of economic justice, and worse still labor seems as unwilling as capital to look at the whole question from that viewpoint. Therefore, no amount of state interference with wages and hours will help to solve the fundamental difficulty, and the most generous schemes of profit-sharing and bonus systems will not bring industrial peace. The persecution of agitators will not solve the problem; indeed, we have evidence every day that it only serves

to aggravate it. The prejudice of the daily press is the most serious handicap to a proper understanding of the cause of the unrest; and it is impossible to hope for the conciliatory spirit which editors demand, now so necessary for a way of approach to further conference, so long as the struggle is embittered by wilful misrepresentation. We act like children, as if these tremendous questions have arisen now for the first time in the history of the world, and that there was no experience to guide us. They are as old as the state.

Is it any wonder then that serious-minded men in the ranks of labor and capital are asking, "Is industrial peace impracticable?" It seems so, perhaps more so today than at any time in the history of trade unionism. We must all admit that the condition is tremendously aggravated by the dire consequences of five years of terrible war. An impoverished world is in a state of revolt against the system which produced the war, and the hunger and woe of its aftermath, and any statesman, capitalist, laborer, or editor, who shuts his eyes to this tremendous fact is an enemy of mankind.

Lord D'Abernon, one of Britain's greatest financial experts, a banker of world-wide distinction, has told us that the cause of what we call bolshevism is the inflated currency of the world, high prices and debt. I would say that the cause of the general unrest is a deep feeling, intuitive in the people, of economic injustice. If my diagnosis be true, what hope is there for industrial peace unless we all make up our minds, no matter what our particular interests may be, to look economic facts squarely in the face? Now without going too deeply into this question, there is one fact we should recognize at once, and it is the relationship of debt to high prices. For what is this debt but a lien on the products of labor for several generations to come? A mortgage which this pernicious economic system will perpetuate, for we have reached the point in our taxing system when it cannot be stretched any further: its elasticity has been stretched to the full. And under it we shall have to create debt to defray debt. Is not this what is being done in both Great Britain and France, so say nothing of other lesser powers in Europe? Well, financial chaos and madness lie that way.

The question of the relationship of national debt to world debt is now occupying the attention of some of the greatest minds in France and Great Britain, for in both countries the question has invaded the domain of party politics, and has become a burning one with the voters at every by-election. A few weeks ago the cables informed us that the Labor party in the British municipal elections had swept the country in a startling manner, and that this very question was the dominant one raised, and the cause of the astounding turn-over of votes to labor. Do we realize what this means? When will our leaders of economic and political thought realize that we may see within a very few months the Labor party in office in Great Britain, pledged to the people to exact a levy on capital, and to carry out schemes for the nationalization of pretty nearly everything from the land to transport. How would such legislation affect the interests of the people of this country? It is enough to make us think furiously.

There is no doubt at all of an extraordinary change in thought having taken place in Britain in connection with the whole economic system. Government, monopoly, capital and labor are regarded now by the general public in a totally new way. Nearly all prewar views have undergone some grave change, and, in connection with the question of labor's attitude to capital, it is worth while pointing out how the matter stands over there. British labor has realized that it is vain to seek industrial peace by merely increasing nominal wage and reducing working hours. Mr. J. H. Thomas, M. P., General Secretary of the National Union of Railway Men, at the great conference of representatives of labor and capital held a few months ago in London, said, "The workers have resolutely set their faces toward some order of society which will improve their lives and conditions in accord with the new valuation they have set upon themselves. No longer are they prepared to content themselves with every wage advance being thrust upon the consumer, and consequently canceling every improvement instantly and automatically." So much for the power of trade unionism to solve the fundamental difficulties of labor by increasing nominal wage. But this is not all. There is another aspect of the struggle of British trade unions which requires grave consideration by the people of this country. It will be admitted that British labor has made the machinery of trade unionism as perfect as can be. There the question of recognition does not now arise. Yet, with the perfect machinery their leaders have, we see the country frequently thrown into a state of convulsion by an unauthorized strike. So grave was this condition in the spring—it has grown worse—that in the trade union manifesto issued on February 13th last we are told, "Unauthorized strikes revealed a most serious state of affairs in British industry. It calls for a strengthening of the hands of responsible leaders in the trade union movement and an agreement to abide by the decision of the majority. Unless that course is taken a very serious blow will have been struck at the fundamental principle of trade unionism—namely, collective bargaining." It adds, "Under any circumstances unauthorized strikes cannot and must not be tolerated." How ineffective the manifesto was must be plain to those who have followed the struggles of British labor during the past six months, for at least four unauthorized strikes have taken place

recently. The railway strike of a few weeks ago was an unauthorized strike, and now we find the ranks of the trade unions split into many sections, the chief being the direct actionists and the shop stewards. So the old machine of trade unionism functions no longer in Britain. Well might we ask ourselves what American labor hopes to gain in its attempt to set up machinery which has been found wanting, after nearly a century of trial, in the old country.

Surely there must be men in this country who are competent and willing to grapple with this tremendous problem, men who have studied the experiences of the conflicts of labor and capital in Great Britain, and who realize the gravity of the question in all its bearings. Doubtless the British experience must be of some value to us, for what have they not tried over there during the past quarter of a century? And who here has so far mentioned one single palliative, one ameliorating condition, one act of conciliation, that was overlooked in the British experience? Have we reached an *impasse?* Is there no way out of this extremely vicious circle in which labor moves one way and capital another? Is the best that can be suggested the futile policy of postponement? Will neither labor nor capital face the economic facts? Has the administration shot its bolt in its attempt to force labor to produce by resorting to the courts of law? Does any sane economist imagine that one thousand and one conferences here, and an equal number of boards of arbitration there, will do for us what they have failed to do for Britain and her colonies?

Is it not strange that, in connection with the question we are considering, the mind of Great Britain should be concentrated upon the relationship of taxation to labor unrest, and that in this country the whole question of taxation should be ignored, save as we find it discussed in the bulletins of the leading banks? In this respect we seem to live in an atmosphere of false security which is most unhealthy; the air we breathe seems to induce the sleeping sickness. Why is it that everybody in Great Britain should be so deeply concerned about the relationship of taxation to unrest, and that one seldom meets in this country a man who can speak intelligently on the question of taxation? Is it because we are a creditor nation? That can scarcely be, because creditors are, as a rule, most anxious about their debtors, and there is every reason for our being gravely disturbed about the financial position of the countries that owe us money. A fortnight ago there was a full-dress debate in the House of Commons on taxation, revenue and expenditure, and Mr. Austin Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave to the house a full financial statement of Great Britain's condition. This statement was published in full in all the principal newspapers, and I should think that every newspaper in the land published, at least, the complete tables furnished by the Treasury. I wish it were possible for the business men of the United States to study these tables; a glance at them might be sufficient to rouse them out of their lethargy. What do they tell us of this financial year, this year of armistice? Rising expenditure and falling revenue! Mr. Chamberlain, in April last, budgeted for a deficit of £250,000,000, and now he contemplates a deficit of £473,645,000, nearly twice as much. Is it not enough to cause all kinds of industrial and social unrest when a government spends nearly $7,000,000,000 after the close of the war? And what must be the feelings of a people who will be faced at the end of the financial year, in March next, with a gross national debt of over $35,000,000,000?

There is only one way that relief can be brought to the financial situation, one way, for I do not hold that the cancellation of debt, to use the new euphonism for repudiation, is practicable—though it is generally admitted that much of this is now taking place, a notable instance being the "relief" granted by Great Britain to Italy. The way I have in mind is certainly worth consideration, for it will not only fit the punishment to the crime, but carry in its operation industrial benefits which will do more to solve the problems which now confront the administration, labor, and capital, than anything that has been suggested. It is taxation, strange as it may seem, that is essential for the solving of this problem. Not, however, the taxation of wealth—the products of labor, but the taxation of all monopoly values, the taxation of all the values of our natural resources and opportunities. Why tax monopoly values and not wealth? The reason should be obvious to anyone that has given five minutes' attention to the present system of taxation here and in Great Britain. By taxing wealth, the products of labor, the prices of all commodities have soared until the purchasing power of the pound and the dollar have shrunk to fifty per cent, or less, of their value. That is what the taxation of wealth, the products of labor, has done for us. It is the taxation of wealth, and the issue of mortgages on wealth to be produced, that have been the cause of our financial undoing and world-wide industrial disturbance.

The financial wiseacres of America and Great Britain, the men who have been responsible for creating this terrible condition, now cry out, "Produce, produce, produce!" Production is the remedy they have which will bring relief to this lamentable state of affairs. Now there is a way of stimulating production which they overlook, or, should I say, ignore, and it is this way of taxing monopoly values. We all know we must have land if we are to produce wealth; land is the indispensable factor in production labor must use. Whether it be the production of a ton of coal, or any other ore, a brick for building, a bushel of grain, a pound of meat, or any dairy product;

whether it be the production of a house or factory in a town, or a farm or a power station in the country; land, no matter what its location may be, what minerals, clays, stones, may be under its surface, is the factor we must use if we are to produce. And the speediest practical way of getting at land, whether it be used, underused or idle, is to tax its full capital value, and this should be done at once. Relief can then be granted to those who suffer from the taxation of labor products, for the revenue collected from the taxation of monopoly values should be sufficient to meet the interest on our debts, and enable us to remit many of the crippling taxes of the present system which restrict industry and reduce the purchasing power of money. Of course there must be an immediate, drastic change in expenditure; economy must be practiced in every department of the state; and armies and navies must be placed upon a real peace footing at once.

We are at the parting of the ways, and the time is come when we must choose the way we will go. The present system leads to bankruptcy and revolution; all history, ancient and modern, tells us that. By taking the way that I have suggested we shall find economic justice, and nothing but economic justice will save us from the wrath to come.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

National Propaganda

I have often thought during these past years what an ironical eye Providence must have been turning on national propaganda—on all the disingenuous breath which has been issued to order, and all those miles of patriotic writings dutifully produced in each country, to prove to other countries that they are its inferiors! A very little wind will blow those ephemeral sheets into the limbo of thin air. Already they are decomposing, soon they will be dust.

To my thinking there are only two forms of national propaganda, two sorts of evidence of a country's worth, which defy the cross examinations of time. The first and most important is the rectitude and magnanimity of a country's conduct; its determination not to take advantage of the weakness of other countries, nor to tolerate tyranny within its own borders. And the other lasting form of propaganda is the work of the thinker and the artist, of men whose unbidden, unfettered hearts are set on the expression of truth and beauty as best they can perceive them.

—John Galsworthy.

From a speech before the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

THE PULPIT

Our Heritage

A Sermon delivered at All Souls Church, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, November 24, 1912.

Stenographically reported by Miss May Johnson.

PRAYER.

We thank thee Father, for this season of home gathering. We thank thee for this lesson of the soul in our Thanksgiving. Quicken us, Father, with a sense of gratitude; gratitude to those who suffered that we might enjoy, to those who labored that we might rest in plenty; gratitude, Father, to those who in darkness saw the great light, who in doubt and discouragement groped towards freedom and wrought for liberty. Help us to be grateful, Father, for all the forces of men who have wrought that we might be housed in homes, in love and in security. For the prophet voices of all the ages we thank thee, Father. But more than all, O Father, may our hearts rise into a conception of our descent from thee. Give us Father a realizing sense of our divine origin. Help us this morning to realize that we are children of the Most High, sons and daughters of the King. Amen.

SERMON.

"For Jehovah thy God bringeth thee into a good land."—DEUT. viii, 7.

It is the season of Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Day is, as we exercise it, distinctively American. Thanksgiving Day in its birth was civic and not ecclesiastic. Thanksgiving Day was born, not out of a plentiful season but out of straitened circumstances. Thanksgiving is rooted, not in luxury nor prosperity but in want and hardship. Thanksgiving Day in its antecedents represents not only Puritan simplicity but Pilgrim hardships. As such, it becomes increasingly the benediction of a free people and the consecration of devout hearts.

Thanksgiving begins in an official proclamation by a representative of the State and not of the Church. For many years it was the gift of governors. In the dark days of the civil war when the nation forgot State lines, and the States, by sorrow and responsibilities, were being welded into an entity, a proclamation came from Washington. The precedent established by the tender-hearted and devout spirit of Abraham Lincoln has been perpetuated, until now our children are led to believe that as an institution it is the gift of the nation and not of the State. But less and less significant is the Proclamation of the President, and more and more significant is the proclamation of the real Spirit of Thanksgiving, the call of the grandmother. It is grandmother's call that brings the wandering children from remote places to eat the family dinner. It is the grandmother, reinforced by the grandfather's summons, who brings the grandchildren in happy troops to people again the vacant rooms, to make melody once more in silent halls, to awaken the gleam of the abandoned fireside. So, if we are to enter into the Thanksgiving spirit, we must first recognize our blessed heritage of home, the unselfish sacrifice of fathers and mothers, who out of their penury clothed and schooled us, who in their high devotion to ideals for our sake faced the tempestuous sea and endured the more formidable tempests of the unknown land. Thanksgiving summons us to the festival of gratitude to our forebears.

We must inject, as history has injected into Thanks-

giving, an element of civic pride and national anxiety. For the nation has had its fathers who have suffered and its mothers who have denied themselves, and the goodly heritage of Thanksgiving is not understood or appreciated unless we call the roll of the prophets of our nation,—the makers of the liberty we enjoy. Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, the three names that rise above the long line of benefactors and patriots in the traditions of our nation, are names to conjure by on Thanksgiving Day. For without the self-denial of the first, the scholarly consecration of the second, the savior-like sacrifice of the third, our Thanksgiving joys would be limited. So, while we think of our Thanksgiving heritage, we must not forget the traditions of the fathers which made the Thanksgiving sermon a sermon on current issues, a summary of the nation's situation, perchance the occasion of sounding the alarm and striking the note of anxiety. Our New England preachers laid upon us a holy responsibility on Thanksgiving Day, when on each return of the home day they thought it incumbent to discuss, as perhaps on no other day in the year, the national concerns, the civic perplexities, the destiny and responsibility of the State, which in the last analysis is but a larger home.

Without a lesson on the prophets and the inspirations of history we cannot adequately test or appreciate the heritage within any national line. The United States of America is in the forefront of civilization, but there is a northward America that reaches out beyond the boundaries of the Great Lakes, the Gulf, and to its oceans. The America that is North beckons today to the America that is South and our boasted republic is but one member in the fellowship of republics, too little understood, and on that account, too little appreciated by the over-bumptious children who are claiming a political descent from the Puritans of New England and the Cavaliers of Virginia. There is that in America that draws its ancestral life from the sunnier climes of Europe,—from Spain, Portugal and their kindred, which forms an inevitable part of the household of republics which today we celebrate and rejoice in. But by the same logic our inheritance, our heritage, is bounded not by geographic lines, it is not a thing of the Western Hemisphere. The heart must cro[ss] [t]he Atlantic on Thanksgiving Day and must recogni[ze] the fundamental inheritance, the inspiring bequests [th]at came to our fore-elders in democracy, our pioneer teachers in freedom, our instructors in science, who came from the Europe of which we are all but children a generation or two removed. We must remember on Thansgiving Day that the Stars and Stripes fade in their coloring when we forget that the brightness of the red, white and blue comes from the blood and the sacrifice of those who for its sake, directly, historically, followed the Irish shamrock, the Scottish thistle, the Welsh and the English rose; followed the German eagle and rallied around the Norway pine, and from the farther Europe were not unmindful of the lure of freedom and the inspirations of liberty. It is only when Old Glory is rimmed by these colors of the nations that it becomes glorious, and on Thanksgiving Day as on no other,—at that time and at the altar, let the fraternity of nations be remembered and the well-being of the nations be the object of our prayer and our solicitation. On Thanksgiving Day, if at no other time, let us recognize the apostolic message in Emerson's words when he said: "That cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the swarm." That cannot be good for the State that is not good for the nation, and that cannot be good for the nation that is not good for the fraternity of nations. At other times, swayed by selfish reasons and immediate arguments, we may listen to the plea for isolation, the demand for "protection," something that will "foster our infant industries," that will "protect our trade," that will "keep out the hordes from other worlds" from coming within our boundaries. So I say, at other times, for economic and judicial reasons, these questions may be discussed, but on Thanksgiving Day we are disloyal to our heritage, unfaithful to our fathers, if we do not remember that we are of a family of nations, that our interests are mutual, and that the codes of nations must be revised and rewritten, and revised again, until they are based on the fundamental assumption that the interests of all nations are one. Let us think on Thanksgiving Day of the brave prophets and seers who in pent up Europe and in exhausted India, wrote the texts out of which sprang Jefferson's Declaration of Independence. We understand not the philosophy of that declaration, we cannot interpret the uprising that rests upon it and the growth of this American nation, until we trace its ancestral descent and realize how, out of the philosophic brain, the heroic sacrifice of those who were under the weight of tyranny and in the toils of monarchy, bound with the chains of despotism, men oftimes gave of their strength, physical and spiritual. They dreamed of a democracy, and out of their dream of a government based on the people, for the people and by the people, was our nation born, and on Thanksgiving Day at least we claim them as our heritage. But these prophets of democracy may be listed and if we were learned enough we might call the roll.

The Thanksgiving proclamation of the grandmother reaches back of all recorded time. We today are children, and ought to be grateful children, of that primitive life that wrestled with the cold and guarded the fire, that made friends with the wolf and bred the dog as an assistant in the processes of home making, that tamed the tigress and made her the companion and the associate of woman, the homekeeper, to protect her garnered fruit and her stored roots from the depredations of vermin. Today we recognize our descent from those primitive men who first reared a roof-tree for the shelter of babies, who first turned the sod to receive the more profitable seed. Today we should claim and remember as our inheritance the plow-maker, he who converted his pike into the ax that it might better serve the pacific industry of conquering forests and changing them into cornfields. Our inheritance reaches back, and back, and back and back again to the pathetic straggler, who out of rudest conditions prepared the way for the highroad, the railroad, and the tractless road that is now traversed by man through the unchartered air. All of them should be remembered if we are to appreciate our Thanksgiving dinner.

As yet I have but spoken of some of the later chapters in our inheritance, the modern history of our heritage. For there is an heredity back of all this. An heredity which gave to our friend Powell the title of that suggestive book, "Our Heredity from God." Not the creation of the creeds, not a god whose name we can spell and put into a dictionary

or into a Bible, but that mystic power, that divine energy, that inevitable and indisputable God that is the power that rolled the planets into form, that fixed the stars in their places, that orders the coming of the seasons and that has fitted man into his little zone in infinity; that has awakened, not by man force but by the force that made man, the heart of thankfulness, the mind that seeks, the will that dares not only accept the inevitable, but chooses the undesirable, elects the disagreeable, seeks the hard tasks. Of that heredity of the divine, the inevitable but indisputable God of the universe, we must think at the Thanksgiving table if we are to realize our heritage that emerges out of an obscurity which no science, and no Bible and no history can penetrate. It grows out of dimness into clearness, out of theory into experience for a short space in time, then breaks again into history, and into the indescribable and at the same time indisputable destiny, for a past so profound argues a future as profound, and the God that was speaks of the God that is to be. But this is no easy lesson to learn.

Our heritage is not easily stated, and that is why with each returning Thanksgiving, if you remember, I am compelled to discount or dismiss the proclamations that would base our reasons for thanksgiving upon some selfish conceit that we have been favored above other nations, some arrogant joy in our peace and prosperity. Prosperity is no sign of happiness, no guarantee of perpetuity, no index of piety, and no measure of our worth.

In our Thanksgiving let us be chastened by the thought that the heavenly road is not a flowery path, but oftentimes it leads up the steeps and cuts with projecting rocks the feet of those who travel it. On Thanksgiving Day, if never at other times, it is well for us to realize that the soul is lost that is saved alone. That there is no prosperity, or peace, or power that lasts, to those who seek these benedictions in outward things, or who measure them by accumulations.

I have just confessed my indebtedness to the fire-maker, to the plow-maker, to the house-builder. I rejoice in their triumphs and rest in the benedictions they have bequeathed to me, but at the same time let us be frank with ourselves. Does the accumulation of things, in the experience of state, nation or individual, bring power and potency and vision? Have you more time to do the things you ought to do, and want to do, now that you have an automobile? Is it easier to come to church than it was when you came afoot? Are your children more alert and more willing to study now that you have surrounded them with all the instrumentalities of science than were their grandfathers who got up at four o'clock in the morning, did their chores before daylight, split the wood and then had their breakfast and walked a mile and a half to school? I do not want to hark back to these days of hardship, but I do want to measure our suffering and our utility, and their value in the light of history Are the mothers who have all the help they need—assistants not only to cook but to nurse and train their babies, to make them dresses and to press their husband's clothes; are they thereby more free to serve at the altar of God set up in the home, in the church, on the street? Are they on that account more in communion with the prophets of Jewry or the prophets of America? Do they draw their inspirations from the inexhaustible fountain from which hymns spring up—glowing and life-giving sermons which find their permanent place in history? Scotland is a hard and barren place to live in. The Illinois farmer who travels therein pities the poor Scotchman and comes back grateful that he does not have to live in such a barren and inhospitable land as that, and I am farmer enough to understand his feelings and rejoice in the better soil of Illinois and the more ample fertility of the great Mississippi Valley. But Scotland grew Thomas Carlyle, and Thomas Carlyle was nursed at the knees of that splendid woman who in her later years went to school in order that she might write her heart out to her gifted boy. Scotland quickened the brains that have made it the academic center of philosophy to the English-speaking people to this day, quickened the brains of those great masters of the universities,—everyone of them cradled in hardship and most of them coming from peasant homes. They were neighbors to poor Bobby Burns who sang the songs of humanity and of life.

The lesson of Scotland is not local. Theodore Parker speaks of New England as having meager soil and having no mind to enrich it, determined to grow men, and today New England is the center of riches, even temporal riches. Horace Mann, with the same thought in mind, perhaps having borrowed the figure from Parker, who was his pastor, says: "Massachusetts had no mind to work, so she delved in the brains of her boys and girls and made of herself the richest of commonwealths, and the wisest and happiest of commonwealths."

Let us not then read as authoritative the message of the President or of Governor if they touch on the petty argument of a Thanksgiving based on material things. Can we on bended knee thank God for a bounty vouchsafed to the United States that is denied the poor writhing peasants of Russia? Do we want to thank God that Illinois is rich at the cost of Denmark or Sweden, or any other section of the world? Who wants to be an Englishman, or a Welshman, or an American on Thanksgiving Day anyhow. I have an heritage, a national heritage, that at times quickens me, and each of you have also, but as we approach the Eternal and bend our knees at the altar of the Most High, and would fain lift up our hearts in thankfulness, we would forget the limitations of our national descent. Let us forget our Welsh, English, or other ancestry in the great joy that we are citizens of the world, brothers and sisters in the great family of man, invited to the hospitable table of the universe, giving thanks to the God of the universe. So may the thanksgiving season bring us the sweet consolations which are the consolations of thought that come from the quickening of the love impulses of the heart.

This eternal question of our heritage is a searching one. This week I have been looking over some of the many Thanksgiving sermons that I have delivered for this constituency, that it is my pleasure and privilege to serve. In the thoughts that I have tried to give you in such sermons rests my claim in the faith of the future, and at the same time a recommitment to the hardships of God which in one way or another must be experienced if the crude iron is to be tempered into steel and converted into spring steel; the worthless pig iron changed into the watch-spring, elastic but strenuous, ever rectifying itself.

Let us try to find a sermon in this Thanksgiving season that will temper us, change our bristling cast iron into steel, our crude metal into watch-springs of the spirit.

Major Prophets of the New Christianity

Nos. IV and V.

Maurice and Kingsley, Christian Socialists.

In 1842 came the great strikes in England followed by years of misery as the defeated and abused workers went back to their work and pitiful lives. The terrible picture of the conditions of the working classes in those days is given us in the description by Frederick Engels, who as an enthusiastic young German traveled through the land in 1844. These horrors led to the Chartist movement which had such influence under the leadership of Ernest Jones, and to the reform work of John Bright and Richard Cobden. Among the thousands of professional clergymen in England at the time there appears to have been but two who cared about the people's misery; they were Frederick D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley.

Maurice was born in 1805, the son of a Unitarian father and a Calvinist mother, and was thus early led to inquire into religious questions, and he came to take a liberal and advanced position. He became a hearty supporter of the movement to aid the workers and help found a paper in 1848 called "Politics for the People," which championed their cause.

Charles Kingsley was born in 1819 and at the age of twelve was an eyewitness of the Bristol riots which led to his sympathy with the workers. He at first intended to study law but finally chose the ministry. He was ordained and assigned a parish in 1842 and saw first hand the treatment of the strikers. Maurice and Kingsley became associated together in the work of aiding the workers, and when Chartism fell, on April 10, 1848, they gathered together a group that struggled bravely on to originate the Christian socialist movement and seek to aid the workers by voluntary co-operation. As Maurice said: "It is a movement to assert God's order and establish a system of brotherhood and mutual help." In 1849 Kingsley wrote his brilliant stories, "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," and the next year, by reason of his sympathy for the workers, he was forbidden to preach. Established booksellers refused to sell the *Christian Socialist* and Kingsley was forced to resign his position as lecturer in Queen's College. The work of Maurice and Kingsley has been of tremendous influence. They were indeed among the Major Prophets of the New Christianity.

Roland D. Sawyer.

Britain's "Carpet-Bag" Government in India

Americans have had some experience of "carpet-baggers." Some of our western states learned to their sorrow what it was in early pioneer days to have speculative bankers from the East start business with no other property than they could carry in their carpet-bags, and abscond when they failed. After the Civil War, during the reconstruction period, our Southern states learned to their still greater sorrow what it meant to have Northern political adventurers ("carpet-baggers") come South and by the help of the negro vote gain administrative control in large areas and even in whole states.

British rule in India has been called, and by Englishmen themselves, "carpet-bag rule." And such essentially it is. Indeed it has less basis in justice than had the carpet-bag rule of our Southern States, for our carpet-bag rulers were actually elected to office by a majority of the people over whom they ruled, even if many of these were ignorant negroes. But the men who rule in India are chosen to office by no part of the Indian people; they are foreigners, appointed to their positions by foreigners, not voted for or even invited to come to India by a single resident of the country, and having literally no possessions and no "stake" in the country except what they can carry in their "carpet-bags." Edmund Burke called them "birds of passage." Other Englishmen have called them "birds of passage and of prey."

All decent Americans soon became ashamed of the carpet-bag governments in our Southern States, and as soon as the moral sentiment of the nation could be brought to bear, they were swept away. Why does not the moral sentiment of Great Britain rise up and sweep away carpet-bag government from India?

One of the anomalies of our age is that many Americans who look back with humiliation to our own very brief carpet-bag government in the South regard with entire complacency, and even with approval, Britain's age-long government of the same kind in India, which has far less warrant in justice than had ours, which affects vastly larger populations, and which, while it brings prestige, power and wealth to the nation of the carpet-bag rulers, inflicts far greater injuries and wrongs upon the people ruled than our carpet-bag rule in the South ever inflicted.

J. T. Sunderland.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor of Unity:

I am much interested in Professor Giddings' "Creed of Rights and Liberties" as I come on it in last week's Unity, just arrived, and feel, if you will allow me to say it, in essential agreement with him rather than with the extreme pacifists who are principally in evidence in your columns—I say extreme, because "pacifists" before the war was a general term for all who were seeking to have international differences settled by peaceful means and only recently has come to stand for non-resistance pure and simple. To my mind force *is* necessary on occasion, whether as between individuals or between nations, as Professor Giddings now argues; and still further, when there is war, the liberties of citizens allowable in normal times are almost inevitably somewhat curtailed—though, I think, not *to the extreme* they have been curtailed in America during the recent war (the sweeping restrictions on liberty having operated to prevent the discussion which would have helped to secure a good peace, which the present peace is not).

But Professor Giddings gives us an incidental illustration of his ideas that moves me to a little skeptical questioning. It was, he says, morally obligatory to fight against Germany when it became evident that her purpose was, as one of her professors put it, to take as much territory for herself (in case of victory, it must be supposed) as seemed to be "necessary," to set her foot wherever "for strategic reasons" it was in her estimation "important" to do so; and still further, when her "belief" was known, through a chorus of thirty-four hundred professors and lecturers, "that

the salvation of the kultur (why does not Professor Giddings in translating give the English equivalent, 'culture'?) of Europe depends upon the victory which German militarism is about to achieve." Intentions and beliefs like these morally obliged us and others to take up arms—such is the view. But now it happens—or appears to, I do not speak by the book—that Italy's mood has been to take as much territory for herself as seemed to her "necessary" (apparently this was her purpose in case she should be victorious from the start) and she is even setting her foot "for strategic reasons" far into German speaking Tyrol. Apparently also France has wanted to come into the possession of what seems "necessary" for her—not only Alsace and Lorraine, which every one thinks should be hers, but indisputable German territory like the Saar Valley as well; it looks, if Mr. Ray Stannard Baker can be trusted, as if she would have got the latter—if President Wilson had not intervened*; it even seems that "for (we must suppose) strategic reasons," the military leaders of France, headed by Gen. Foch, wished to extend French territory to the River Rhine. And as for the salvation of Europe, or for that matter of the world, and the safeguarding of all its higher interests, whether called culture or civilization (Professor Giddings could make an interesting sociological dissertation on the difference between these two things), has it not been the practically unanimous "belief" of the Allies and ourselves that on the victory of the Allied and our arms depended this great desideratum?

Are then intentions and beliefs so dangerous that they make a moral obligation to fight Germany without this constraining power when they are cherished by other peoples—or must Professor Giddings suggests some better, or at least different, reasons for the obligation to fight Germany than those he has adduced? WILLIAM M. SALTER.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 11, 1919.

POETRY.

Contemplative and fair, with look divine,
Her wistful vision fixed on the unseen,—
The future hers, as the long past has been,—
She waits apart. Who disregard her shrine,
Who pour to her libations of red wine,
Who heal their griefs at her loved Hippocrene,
She noteth not—enwrapt in thought serene,
And pondering grave meanings, line by line.

She has envisaged the veiled heart of things—
Has passed through Purgatory, and her way,
Darkling, unravelled through the deeps of Hell;
And thence arising where the blessèd dwell,
Has touched the stars with her aspiring wings,
And knows that she is deathless as are they!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

*See the remarkable article of Mr. Baker's in the "Springfield Weekly Republican" of Nov. 6, which has compelled me to ask whether I was quite just in speaking of Mr. Wilson as I did recently ("The New Republic," 23 July), and may well lead others to question their previous opinion, too. Mr. Wilson may have put up more of a fight than we were aware of. Secrecy may cover good things as well as the other kind.

SELECTED

Experiences in Russia

II.

Why I Went to Moscow

Going to Moscow is not exactly a trip which one would undertake for pleasure. The difficulties and dangers, the discomforts and the weariness of getting there, great as I had supposed them to be, are in reality much greater. People may wonder, therefore, what it was which could have induced me to undertake such a journey. To me, however, the reason was simple. In thinking over the problem of Russia it had been borne in on me that a government which could last for nearly two years against the colossal difficulties which have beset and are still besetting it must have some good reason for enduring when the other governments, the provisional and the coalition, had failed so disastrously.

Up to the moment of my departure I had heard nothing about the Soviet Republic in which the word "destructive" did not appear, and yet it seemed to me that whether for good or for evil there must be a constructive side to it. To find out what was the reason of the endurance of the Bolshevistic Government and the particular form its constructiveness was assuming, seemed to me, therefore, a completely sufficient reason for attempting to reach Moscow. For I felt sure that the thing I wished to arrive at could only be found by personal contact with the government itself. It involved the putting away from one's mind of all preconceived notions gained from newspapers, conversation and White books, and studying on the spot the character and mechanism of the government. It involved also a study of the conditions of life, of labor, of education—in a word of all those constructive processes which make up the economic and social life of a country. It involved an investigation into the conditions of manufactures and transport and, as far as possible, into the conditions of agriculture and the life of the peasant.

I had little hope of being allowed to study the military organization and situation, but as in entering and returning I should have to cross a considerable portion of country, and during my stay in Moscow I must necessarily, if successful, be brought into contact with some phases of the military situation, I thought that even on this point I might secure sufficient information to arrive at an approximate estimate of its scope and value. There was a further point which weighed with me for much. An investigation such as I wished to make would perforce bring me into close contact with the leaders of the government, and possibly with many other men not directly concerned in the government, and this contact would give me an excellent opportunity of studying the men who are responsible for what is going on in Russia today. It will be seen, therefore, that I had proposed to myself to study Bolshevism at home in order to discover the secret of its lasting and to estimate, if possible, its chances of continuing to last.

By great good fortune I was successful in reaching Moscow, and once arrived there I drew up a formal program of work. It is conceivable that a better program might have been drawn, but imperfect as it was it took me over nearly the whole of the ground I had

mapped out for myself when thinking over what I would do were I ever in Moscow. I had made no secret of my intentions. Why should I, since they were completely honorable? They had been discussed with many friends who were working in the Baltic Provinces, and one and all had agreed that what I wished to do was the very thing which it was important should be done.

There are in the Moscow government eighteen commissariats—that is to say, eighteen ministries. I found that my program would bring me into close contact with the departments of thirteen of the most important. Besides that, wherever an opportunity occurred I meant, if possible, to push the investigation into concrete examples of the administration—as, for instance, in the Commissariat of Education to follow up some of their experimental program, in the Commissariat of Industries, to continue my work by investigating the conditions under which factories were run, in the Commissariat of Agriculture to go out and see some of the experiments which this commissariat has introduced into the agricultural life of Russia. It hardly needs remarking, therefore, that instead of being met with a prearranged scheme of observation, or being taken by the hand round carefully prepared instances of Bolshevistic work, I was really a free lance, acting at my own sweet will and going in directions which I myself had chosen. When I presented my program it created some surprise, and the remark was made that I had mapped out for myself a very thorough and probably very exhausting scheme of work, but that no hindrance would be placed in my way in carrying it out. My anticipation with regard to the men whom I should see proved correct. I was able to reach nearly all of the most important men connected with the movement who were in Moscow, ending with Lenin himself.

Trotzky I did not see. He was in the south and remained there until after I had left Moscow. Had I met these men in a full conference it is easy to imagine that the whole affair might have been a prearranged show, in which the actors maintained a definite pose and in which I took away from the conference only such carefully selected material as was thought proper to give me. The fact is quite otherwise. I was able to get individual commissaries in their own departments, to make them talk freely about their own work and submit to a cross-examination, which is a quite different matter from a stage managed conclave. Besides, this method gave me an opportunity of seeing what the organization of the various departments is, while frequently a chance question brought me into contact with sub-departmental heads who assisted me in my further investigations when no commissary was present. Indeed, except on one occasion, I was never in the company of more than one commissary at a time. At times, in reply to my questions, a commissary would say that fell outside his department and that it would be better for me to consult such-and-such a person who was in charge of that particular business. But at other times my question would be freely discussed, and this gave me an opportunity of controlling the statements made at a later stage on the same matter by the individual in charge of the department to which the question referred. This was conspicuously the case, for instance, in my interview with Kamenef, the chief of the Moscow Soviet, who discussed freely with me the Bolshevistic judicial system, and thus gave me a valuable criterion for my interview with Kurski, the Commissary of Justice. The interviews and expeditions with the subordinate heads gave me a first-class chance of estimating the quality of the men chosen as agents, while the investigations in factories and agricultural experiments brought me up against men some of whom were by no means completely enamored of the new system and criticized it quite freely. In one case, at least, among these men were three men from Lancashire. I mentioned these things somewhat in detail because attempts have been made to characterize me as a blind and unintelligent fly who walked straight into the spider's web.

In one case my contact with work outside the government departments proved to be of great importance. It took me to the school where the officials of the district, town and provincial soviets are prepared, and where also is a school for the special training of propagandists. I spent a long day in this school and, as I know something of educational work and experiment, it proved for me a day of great illumination. The freedom with which I moved in Moscow enabled me to meet men who had but recently crossed the whole of Siberia, the Caucasus and Ukrainia, and to get from them valuable information concerning their journeys.

The fact that I was untrammeled allowed me also to form a tolerably just estimate of life in Moscow, its order, its security, and even its pleasures, while the extent of country which I crossed on my four journeys and the freedom of my conversations in trains, on farms and roads did really give me some knowledge of the conditions existing among the peasants of the west of Russia, besides giving me accurate details of the way in which the land has been cultivated and the prospects of supplies for Russia in the future. As Dr. Johnson told Lord Chesterfield, "I have done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little," though in my case it is not so much neglect which is to be apprehended as unreasoning hostility.

Manchester Guardian. —*W. T. Goode.*

THANKSGIVING.

For morning sun and evening dew,
For every bud that April knew,
For storm and silence, gloom and light,
And for the solemn stars at night;
For fallow field and burdened byre,
For roof-tree and the hearth-side fire;
For everything that shines and sings,
For dear, familiar daily things—
The friendly trees, and in the sky
The white cloud-squadrons sailing by;
For Hope that waits, for Faith that dares,
For Patience that still smiles and bears,
For Love that fails not, nor withstands;
For healing touch of children's hands,
For happy labor, high intent,
For all life's blessed sacrament.
O Comrade of our nights and days,
Thou givest all things, take our praise!

—*Arthur Ketchum.*

News from Europe

Lord French's "1914."

The controversy raised by Lord French's book has been the occasion for bringing to light some extraordinary revelations of the early disasters to British troops. A correspondent in the *Manchester Guardian* produces a letter written 1914 "by one whose knowledge is hardly likely to be challenged," from which we take the following:

"Sir John French was over at our headquarters yesterday. He was most frightfully complimentary to Sir Horace as to the way in which he carried out the retirement of our forces, and saved what would undoubtedly have been certain disaster.

"On the morning of August 26 the situation was so desperate that Sir Horace sent word to Sir John French begging him not to 'pin' them, because somebody must be left to go back to England and tell the country what has happened.

"By some mistake on the part of the French they had retreated instead of advancing, leaving the whole of our right and left flanks absolutely exposed and unprotected. Sir Horace realised that to retire under such conditions meant complete annihilation, and promptly decided to take all responsibilities on himself and to take the offensive, sending word to D. H. (First Army Corps) to do the same. This, as we know, they did with such success and with such a fearful loss to the enemy, that they were driven back sufficiently by nightfall to allow our army once more to retire in order.

"The Second Army Corps was very pleased about the nice things that were said about them, and of course Sir Horace is delighted."

Lord French's subsequent despatches confirm the foregoing, and afford us just reason for asking why he is now most frightfully uncomplimentary to Sir Horace.

Anglo-German Trade.

A press association foreign special from Cologne to the British newspapers states:

Mr. Charles Knott, president of the British Chamber of Commerce in Germany, has had a series of interviews with the Finance Minister, Herr Erzberger, and with Herr Schmidt, Minister of Economics and Food Controller, in the presence of the other Ministers of the German Government, with the object of proceeding further with the suggestion of a scheme for a clearing house to be established in Berlin to secure absolute and effective control of all exports from Germany to the British Empire and from Britain to Germany.

I interviewed Mr. Knott this morning on his return, and he states the German Government have consented in principle to the department of the Ministry of Economics and Food to be under a British official, who will have entire control of the license department. Any goods leaving Germany or coming into Germany from Britain without a license from this depot will be confiscated. This, he maintained, was a very remarkable concession, and must of necessity dispel any fears as regards the dumping of German goods on the British market.

Mr. Knott is laying the proposals and details of the scheme before the Board of Trade in London, and he is extremely confident that the Board of Trade will take the scheme up, which would be an effective protection for British markets.

Mr. Knott says Germany is not in a position at present to dump, even were she desirous of doing so. There are in point of fact very small stocks at present in Germany. The whole of the energies of the country have been concentrated on war work for five years, and practically nothing of industrial value has been produced. There are small stocks of glassware, lenses and optical goods and certain machinery, and there are also large supplies of alkali and other raw materials produced in Germany.

It is to be hoped that by the export of raw materials principally Germany will be able to begin traffic with foreign countries and prevent the further fall of the mark. I asked Mr. Knott his opinion on the recent state of the German money market, and he attributed the present position to the fact that the Polish bankers and Government have recently unloaded several millions' worth of marks upon the markets in Rotterdam. The large supplies of paper money suddenly thrown upon neutral markets had naturally a disastrous effect upon the mark.

Germany, Mr. Knott said, had made up her mind to work hard and do her best to pay her debts. The present rate of the mark, he said, is a disaster, for Germany cannot afford to buy raw materials at the present rate, even were she desirous of doing so, as the cost of her productions would be thereby increased sixfold, and she could find no market for her manufactured goods. It is consequently in the interests of the whole world to bring about as quickly as possible arrangements whereby the rate of the mark must be raised and Germany may obtain the raw materials essential to her existence.

In his interview with the various Ministers, Mr. Knott said it has been clearly understood that Germany is prepared to take a fair proportion, say fifty per cent, of British manufactured goods, together with raw material, and this should be an interesting point for the consideration of those British factories which are not working at full speed, and which can produce goods for the German market.

It is foolish to maintain that we should never again trade with Germany. Germany has always been England's best customer, and she is bound to become so again in spite of all that may be urged to the contrary.

The German military spirit, he says, is completely crushed, and the German people are not in need of war from any point of view. Of that he is convinced. The military clique have not the slightest hope of ever taking up the position they formerly held.

Coming back then to the central clearing house proposal, Mr. Knott said the idea is for offers to be made to some central British organization by German manufacturers through the Berlin clearing house, and only such offers as are accepted, followed by purchases by British merchants, will be allowed to leave the country. Therefore the supply will only meet the demand, and the idea of the British control of the clearing house will be to see that the exports do not exceed imports. British merchants are to be asked to send their raw materials to be manufactured in Germany, and they will then be sent back to the manufacturers in England. For this German manufacturers will accept payment, not in money, but in raw materials. Any number of big factories throughout Germany will be glad to start their work people on these terms just to keep them occupied.

This, from so high an authority on British trade, is indicative of the desire in Germany and Britain to share their markets and protect them from outside competition. If these two old commercial antagonists enter into a protective pact, America will soon find how much stronger a "good" customer is than a "good" ally.

German Mine-Sweepers at Work.

An admiralty announcement in London states that the German mine-sweeping flotillas along the coast of Jutland have swept a navigation channel ten miles wide which permits of direct access to the Norwegian ports.

H. S. N.

COMPANIONED.

I like to think, my mother, that ever as I go
Your vanished soul companions me and seeks to let me know
You understand the road is hard and progress must be slow.

I like to think your spirit in love can lean so low
It screens me with tenderness so pure that pain and woe
Deflected by this flawless shield, glance off with softened blow.

It may be but a fancy, but since I cannot know,
I need not yield this precious thought, when but to dream 'tis so
Gives me companionship of hope no doubt can overthrow.

VLYN JOHNSON.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

DR. JOHN HERMAN RANDALL CALLED TO COMMUNITY CHURCH, N. Y.

Dr. John Herman Randall, minister of the Mount Morris Baptist Church in New York, announced on Sunday, November 9, his acceptance of a call to become associate minister, with Rev. John Haynes Holmes and Rev. Harvey Dee Brown, of the Community Church of New York.

Dr. Randall is a graduate of the Divinity School at Chicago University, and has long ranked as one of the most distinguished leaders and preachers of the Baptist denomination in this country. He served a long and highly successful pastorate in Grand Rapids, Michigan, until 1907, when he came to New York as minister of the church from which he has now resigned. He is a popular lecturer, and college preacher, and author of many books, including "With Soul On Fire," a novel recently published.

In coming to the Community Church, Dr. Randall withdraws from the Baptist Church and ministry, and gives himself absolutely to this independent movement. His coming will obviously add greatly to the strength of the New York church, and incidentally release Mr. Holmes for much work in the field at large. Dr. Randall is expected to take up his work on January 1st next.

INTERNATIONALISM.

"Before all nations is humanity." This is the motto of the International Club, an organization made up to a large extent of foreign students attending our universities.

At a recent meeting of one of the branches of this club, a very prominent member of the faculty of a very important university gave an informal address in which he spoke somewhat as follows: I have always been much interested in persons whose upbringing and consequently whose views of life are different from mine. This is why I was first drawn to the International Club in my younger days. At the present time the word "Internationalism" is in bad odor. The reason of this is that there are two sorts of internationalism. The one would supplant nationalism while the other would transcend nationalism. It is the first of these that has brought the word into disrepute. I myself oppose the first kind while I cherish the second.

To the thoughtful listener the truth of the statement that there are two sorts of internationalism was obvious and familiar. Furthermore it was disappointing that the speaker did not seek to see beneath the surface of things and try to explain why there these two sorts of internationalism and what is the significance of this duality. I shall not attempt to solve this problem but I can, I hope, add something undreampt of by the speaker of that evening though perhaps familiar enough to the readers of UNITY.

Hunger is international, culture national. The professor in question was vastly interested in American culture and institutions. Why? Because he possesses culture and controls American institutions. But the ambitious workman languishing in jail, untried it may be or perhaps unrighteously condemned, frequently does not possess this culture and never has controlled these institutions. He has no deep, fervid attachment to any particular culture or institutions. He is he thinks much more closely allied to his fellow sufferers in other countries than to the monopolists of that special brand of good things which the professor in question enjoys. In his resentment of his treatment and of his lot he voices his sentiments in the phrase "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains."

The recognition of the fact that there are two kinds of internationalism is trite and anachronistic. The real problem before us how to convince the exploited, hunted, dispossessed or imprisoned with the special advantages of American institutions and culture. The method is simple but very costly. Some people will have to sacrifice their privileges and even, perhaps, their prejudices. They will have to learn that if they do not do some leveling up, someone else may do some leveling down. They will have to become interested not only in those whose view of life is different to theirs but also in those whose view of life is antagonistic to theirs. Simple but costly. But then all education is costly. The war has been a very costly educational venture. —*A Contributor.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Association Press, 347 Madison Ave., New York City, N. Y.: Intervention in Mexico, by Samuel Guy Inman.

Dodd, Mead & Co., 443-449 Fourth Ave., New York City, N. Y.: Modern Psychical Phenomena, by Hereward Carrington, $2.50; The Disturbing Charm, by Berta Ruck, $1.60.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 426-428 W. Broadway, New York City, N. Y.: A History of the New Thought Movement, by Horatio W. Dresser, $2.00.

A. C. McClurg & Co., 330-352 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.: What of the City, by Walter D. Moody.

W. B. Huebsch, 32 W. 58th St., New York City, N. Y.: The Old Freedom, by Francis Neilson, $1.00; The Vested Interests and State of the Industrial Arts, by Thomas Veblin, $1.00; The Solitary, by James Oppenheim, $1.25; Russia in 1919, by Arthur Ransome, $1.50.

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She was a godly woman
Complacent in her faith,
And daily repeated the tenets of that faith:
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me . . ."
This the creed of her lips.

But her soul bowed down in a heathen temple
To little figured gods;
And they were named Convention and Good Taste
And Picayune Morality,
And greatest of all these Self Righteousness.

And so her soul
Daily belied the Credo of her lips.
Yet was she ever considered
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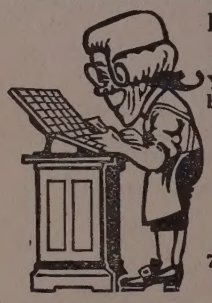

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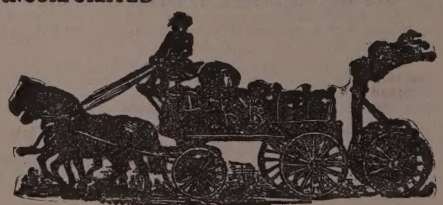

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